

The Messenger.

SEWARD & TAYLOR,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM
IN ADVANCE.

SENATOR Cameron is 74 years of age.

Prof. Douglas lectures in St. Paul tonight.

The State Medical Society held an interesting meeting in St. Paul on Tuesday.

Mrs. Robert C. Wood, daughter of ex-President Zachary Taylor, is in indigent circumstances, and has been voted a pension of \$50 a month by Congress.

A London dispatch of the 4th reports the prevalence of intense cold weather, and states in a country, as well as to authorize the issue of bonds by county authorities for the purpose of erecting a jail, without in either case submitting the question of such location or issue of bonds to the votes of the electors of such county.

Wm. L. Banning, ex-President of the Lake Superior & Mississippi railroad, writes to the Duluth Tribune denying that any compromise has been made relative to the controversy between Duluth and the State of Wisconsin.

IMPORTANT DECISION.
The Supreme Court of this State has decided that it is competent for the Legislature to locate a county seat at any place in a county, as well as to authorize the issue of bonds by county authorities for the purpose of erecting a jail, without in either case submitting the question of such location or issue of bonds to the votes of the electors of such county.

A WISE IDEA.
Senator Meagher, of Blue Earth county has introduced in our State Legislature a joint resolution requesting our Representatives in Congress to procure such legislation as will authorize the State to consolidate the proceeds of the 500,000 acres of internal improvement land with the school fund of the State.

We believe this disposition of the proceeds of the sale of a huge elephant will give more universal satisfaction to the people of the State than any plan that can be devised.

The State Agricultural Society held a regular meeting at St. Paul on Wednesday, at which 24 counties were represented by delegates. The Treasurer's report showed the following findings:

Receipts for the year, including \$13,919 on hand Disbursements \$12,437.00 Balance on hand \$1,482.00

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President—Ara Barton of Rice Secretary—Wm. Paist of Hancock.

Treasurer—John F. Meagher of Blue Earth.

DOCTOR VS. DODGE.
This case was again taken up on Saturday, and affidavits read on both sides which would be very refreshing to readers of obscure literature.

On the motion of Mrs. Dodge that she be allowed the custody of the children, \$25 per week alimony, and \$1,000 for attorneys' fees, the Court decided that the defendant Dodge should retain the care of the children, and should pay the plaintiff \$10 per week during the pendency of the action, and \$300 with which to employ attorneys to prosecute the case.

To obtain additional testimony the case was adjourned until March.

CLASSTRIENES.
A town in Nevada boasts of its healthfulness, because none die natural deaths there.

An Iowa editor asks his readers for their ears, as corn makes good fuel.

A carpet-bagger in South Carolina remarked to his audience the other day that his skin was white, but his heart was as black as their faces.

An indiscreet youth in Cairo has been fined for kissing the school-marm. She was so homely that the judge said there was absolutely no excuse for him.

The firemen of the State held a convention at St. Paul on Tuesday, delegates being present from Northfield, Winona, Faribault, Mankato, Ancker, Farmington, Hastings, Red Wing, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Stillwater and St. Cloud. A bill was recommended for passage by the Legislature appropriating all moneys received by the State Treasurer from insurance companies, for the purpose of forming a fund for the benefit of the fire department of the State, such moneys to be divided pro rata among the different companies.

The bill must commend itself to every eye who considers the importance of a well-drilled and liberally sustained fire department. Besides, it is not improbable that it will result in reduced rates of insurance. Let the bill pass.

STILLWATER MESSENGER.

VOL. XVIII--NO. 23.

STILLWATER, MINN., FRIDAY, FEB. 7, 1873.

WHOLE NO. 907

THE ERA OF SPIES.

We suppose that human nature is very much the same the wide world over, but we suppose that does not alter the fact that different ages and different races have exhibited very different phases of the same nature. Eras are better known to us by their qualities, than by their substance or their deeds. Our own age is undoubtedly one of very liberal ideas and as well of utilitarian tendencies.

It has well earned, and in the main merited, the attribute Progressive; but to that it may, and let the cool judgment of other generations call this a happy era, or a golden age, or an Iron Era, or a thing we may be certain: No other age has so well vindicated a claim to the characteristic of being ours, and no other nation seems to need so much of this kind of seasoning as our own, to keep it in good humor.

Cotton used to be King; but his power is broken. Spice is King now. We not only claim this spice, but in our speakers and writers we well-nigh demand it, and will have that or nothing. It is a well-nigh demand it, and will have that or nothing. It is a well-nigh demand it, and will have that or nothing.

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WAS IT AN ACCIDENT?

BY LIEUT. TUDOR BARNARD.

CHAPTER II.

EXTRACTS FROM WARD HUTTON'S

Nov. 4, 1865.—"Had a lively argument on insurance to-day at dinner—rather enjoyed the sparring. Young Brown the grocer is a logical, sensible fellow, and likes nothing better than a warm debate, though he is always gentlemanly—seems to have perfect command of his temper. I like him. We rather affiliate. Willis, the lawyer, is an odd mutton. I believe he mistakes eccentricity for genius; he has a passion for the unpopular side of an argument. He opposes life insurance for instance, talks glibly, and I think foolishly against the endorsement plan. George Buzzard as warmly defends it. I never saw him (Buzzard) as much interested in any thing.

Nov. 5.—Insurance discussed again. I am getting a little weary of this threadbare subject. A good long letter from Hal. Vanner. Glad he is doing so well. Shall propose a joint trip up the Mississippi next June.

Nov. 6.—Buzzard can't let insurance matters rest. He's naturally so silent, his lucidity here quite surprises me. I suppose they kept it up this evening. Never mind, I'll shut the parlor. Am glad I have letters to write.

That evening he sat down before a glowing grate and wrote:

Cum gratia, Nov. 6.

Dearest Aunt Maria:—I am truly grateful for the kind solicitude so warmly expressed in your last letter, but my health has not been as good in years as this winter, and I point a little every day. Dr. Gray's orders to the contrary notwithstanding. I flatter myself that I use no ill-timed directions in my work. I do not double up all day over my head, studying, wearying out my back, and weakening my eyes with incessant toils and retouches of one subject, till the fires of enthusiasm burn themselves out from exhaustion, but I fit from each to each, softening a cloud here, deepening a shadow there—now adding a gray tinge to some gray old rock, and anon kindling a bit of autumnal brightness into red-dipped fire. By and by I hope to show you something worthy of your criticism.

I am a little anxious about Tom. I feared, dearest Auntie, you might be somewhat disappointed in him, that in his college life—his mind is too intensely interested in his art, and he can not be made to see the necessity at present of mental discipline in other directions. As his feelings are now, I believe he would be better off at home this winter. I have written him about the importance of backgrounds. Young artists are so apt to depreciate them. I saw my mistake in this when I was abroad. I believe Tom has a natural genius for historical painting. One can not paint with fidelity historical subjects, it seems to me, without being first thoroughly imbued with a love of historic lore. The artist must realize history before he can idealize it on canvas. I then suggest, with some diffidence, that Cousin Tom leave school if he chooses, for the present, and devote much of his time to sketching generally, and the times of backgrounds, giving meanwhile his evenings mostly to reading history with Tellus. By the way, Horace Bowers tells me Bella has made a conquest of a graded better now than then, for our divines are expected to show us the way in twenty-five minutes, as per contract, and do it in the most pleasant manner possible. Our great grand old man will be content to palm their own way through our palm-trees, where the heart kept true to the music of the lips. These are not spicy enough for us whose prizes to heaven are best sent thither by hired operative semi-giants. But we would not fault with either. Let them spice and praise to suit their tastes. We only use this illustration to show that this incessant call for spice is not so much the necessity of our natures as it has been a growth. In these latter days of approximate perfection, we spice everything: our religion, our politics, our philosophy, and perhaps we season them too much as we often do our victuals.

Lecture rooms are filled if the lecturer is spicy. Avere said well if they are spicy. Our magazines are only as they are spicy. Current literature must be spicy, or they are stricken down in their youth. And so it goes. There is no other alternative. Not only are our thoughts, our tastes, and our tastes kept highly seasoned, but we spice our lives too.

The workings of our human, the moving of our feet, the breathing of our lungs—all show the workings of this spice age.

A proverbial hurry and bustle testify of the highly unstatic state of American life to-day. Perhaps we are in no way to blame for this. May be it is a necessity imposed upon us by our times. In this hurrying, jostling, struggling, pushing world of ours, he who pushes hardest, generally pushes farthest. One must needs push, for if he does not push, he will be left behind, and lost in the tremendous wave of humanity as it rolls over the land. We are the exponents of our age and civilization, as our fathers were of theirs. Spice touched the sanctities as well as the necessities of life. It affects all, the sacredness of home is no longer sacred; the gloom of the cell cannot frighten it away. Life is a hurry. What we do is a hurry. Our growths are like mushrooms. We must be quick, sharp, ready, energetic, or we are left behind. Many are hurried through the world before they have time to open their eyes to see either it or themselves. Sometimes we almost wish that there might be a rest—that for a time at least, the seething sea of life might lapse idly upon a quiet shore.

"She's a married lady?"

"Yes, and though not yet twenty is quite an experienced person."

She has been twice married already was divorced from her first husband here about a year ago, and was married three months after to her present husband; this child was by her first husband. If you give you'll find out what a bright, active little little creature it is."

"Was that Mrs. Carey's voice I heard in the hall?"

"Yes—talking to George."

"I thought it sounded like the voice of some mad-cap school girl."

"That's what she would pass for anywhere. She's a lively piece—a 'girl of the period.' As to dignity, she doesn't know what the word means. She's perfectly original, however—you ought to see her way of managing that child—no wonder it is the imp of all mischief."

"Are you ready? I have an engagement at halfpast eight."

"You pass down together. A door creaks at their backs, a pair of feet, restless eyes peer out curiously at them from Mrs. Buzzard's room, then the door is abruptly closed."

"Who are those gents, George?"

In a loud whisper directly and big to the ladies themselves.

They do not hear his reply, but the next query in a still sharper key makes them smile significantly as they take their hats down from the rack.

"Either of them rich?"

Mr. Burton writes a few days later:

Nov. 7.—Mrs. Miranda Carey, nee Buzzard, is a Brown creature, it is amusing—twice married. Her mother seems very fond of her, and in her absence talks of "My Miranda" precisely as she used to call "her George." She (the daughter) is so utterly unlike the other members of the family, and seems to feel very independent of them. I imagine her mother is a little afraid of her tongue. The poet has very prettily said, "A babe in the house is a well-spring of joy," but then he never meant this lady, I'm sure. Her mother and grandmother regard her in the light of a nuisance, and we all agree with them. Mrs. Miranda has no conspicuous about expressing herself in favor of divorce. She has some pretensions to beauty, but her general manner and appearance are of a rather rude, unpolished school girl. She would do for a representative girl of the period. If mother and son are really as much in love as her mother's daughter is equally so for her mother. I have always regarded frankness as a charming quality; I now think it can be somewhat slightly disgusting.

Letter to his cousin:

Chicago, Nov. 9.

Dear Cousin Buzz:—I have discovered, I think, the real reason of your solicitude on my account. I mean matrimonially. You are a spy, but I have had a glimpse of the trophy you are hiding under that innocent looking face of yours. You don't fly off on a tangent at the mere suggestion that trophy is a mouse of a man. If you are a spy, and you always have been, I see I must change the figure. It wouldn't do to picture a lion under a kitten's paw. I suppose of course, that that interesting youth is a lion—a big among men. You see I have not forgotten your old time enthusiasm on this subject, but as for me, I am not and never have been as yet matrimonially inclined. I know just what you will say at this, "Ah, Ward, I remember what you thought of little else."

Yes, but that was a long time ago. You know I was very young, younger than you are now, even in worldly wisdom. I was then a happy, foolish boy, and I really confess I don't know whether my reply was a sufficient apology or not. I know you think that some lingering regrets about Carrie Dixon have kept me single all these years; but you were never mistaken in your life. It is true she was the only woman I ever thought of marrying, but then she wasn't a woman at all; she was merely a dress-maker's dummy. She was only thirty-five years of age and talk, and twenty thousand dollars worth of diamonds, well, she was found her appropriate niche in life as the wife of a millionaire, and that position requires neither brains nor heart. But after the first bewilderment of discovery was over, I never for an instant regretted her—how could I! She was only a doll-faced, soulless thing.

Well, I merely intended to write a letter of congratulation and here I am spinning out a net.

Good bye Cous. Write often and believe me always

Your affectionate Cous.

The only entry made in his diary that day was this: "A new arrival—a young lady of striking appearance and unusual refinement of manners."

Nov. 11.—Introduced to the new arrival to-day but did not understand her name. She has one of the liveliest profiles I ever saw. She is a student at Epiphany. The name I saw of Burton the last I like him. He is dark, not deep, but not not fatuous him.

Nov. 12.—That same old worn

on topic insurance lugged in again to-day. I wonder Warner can have patience to discuss the matter with Buzzard as he does, or rather with Willis, Buzzard always standing on one side lying in wait as it were to drop in a word. Willis does talk such nonsense, and if I could see a motive for his doing so, I should think Buzzard would not publicly boast of it. He constantly reminds me of Dickens' imitable Joey B., only his slyness is privately gloated over, not publicly boasted of. He wouldn't show his hand that way. I don't think his studies can progress very rapidly as college—he absent himself for days together with Buzzard as his right bower. Such conduct naturally piques one's curiosity a little.

CHAPTER III.

"MY MIRANDA."

The day was one of the coldest Chicago had ever experienced, at least as early in the season, it being the first week in December of 1865. The wind was howling wildly around Mrs. Buzzard's dwelling, driving the snow in masses higher and thicker, drifting and whirling through street and gully, leaving the road bare here but to keep it up there in the spite of merry madness, that only bewildered yet more the already deaf and breathless pedestrian, blinded by swirling snow and bending to the fury of the blast.

Mrs. Buzzard was sitting in her comfortable back parlor, her easy-chair drawn close before the glowing grate. One of the peculiarities of this very estimable lady is that she is always cold. One would think that her velvet robe, or her comfortable back parlor, her easy-chair drawn close before the glowing grate. One of the peculiarities of this very estimable lady is that she is always cold. One would think that her velvet robe, or her comfortable back parlor, her easy-chair drawn close before the glowing grate.

She is busy with some sewing, but she glances nervously now and then at her daughter Miranda, whose side face is turned toward her, as she glances absent-mindedly across the street. Her mother's eye is in her hand, her pretty, ruffled face has a scowl upon it, far from becoming, although her elegant robe de chambre, of soft black cashmere, profusely embroidered in gold-lace braid, is well calculated to set off her dark, oriental style of beauty.

"How I hate stormy days, mamma."

No reply.

"I always feel like brewing a fuss with somebody, when it's so rough and hateful out doors."

Still no answer, but the mother's compressed lips seem to indicate that she does not intend the sobriety to mean herself.

The young woman's face visibly darkens as her unsympathetic mother goes on steadily with her sewing.

"Why in the world don't you say something, Ma Buzzard?"

Mrs. Buzzard does not even glance in her daughter's direction as she calmly continues to sew.

"I don't know as anything I can say will put you in a better humor, Miranda."

"You know perfectly well, mamma, that sitting there stiff and silent as a post just aggravates me."

"But I must warn you—you are carrying things a little too far in this house. You disgusted Mrs. Warner with your impudence this morning."

"And who, pray, is Mrs. Warner, that her opinion should be of any consequence to me, I should like to know?"

"Every body's opinion is of importance to us both, since every body owns a tongue, and in a house like this a careless word or two taken up and tossed around, and exaggerated, grows into a serious affair and comes back again upon the head of the one who started it."

"O, never fear for me. I'll make myself responsible for all my nonsense. But you don't treat Mrs. Warner any too well yourself, you know you don't."

"You don't practice what you preach, mamma."

"I believe I always treat Mrs. Warner civilly. I don't think it necessary to be rude to a person because I don't happen to admire her."

"O, I know your style, mamma, and you're lying, that's all."

"But Mr. Burton overheard you, and Mr. Burton is such a perfect gentleman, I blushed for you, Miranda."

"Did you really, now mother? O, how I wish I could have seen you blush just for once—I've never been so blushing before."

"Now, Miranda Carey, I am serious, and you must understand that I mean just what I say. If you remain under my roof you

must treat every boarder here with politeness and courtesy. You hardly ever speak to Mr. Burton? You snub Mrs. Norton every time she speaks to you, and half the time you snub me to our new boarder, Miss Wells, is perfectly insolent."

"As to Mr. Burton, I detest him; he's only a Boston snob any way. Mrs. Norton thinks she's the only person in the house by the airs she gives herself, making all the gentlemen run at her beck and call. If I was an old grass widow I'd try and behave like one, and not make myself ridiculous by acting like a young lady."

"For shame, Miranda! Carey! Mr. Burton is one of the very best boarders I have. He gives liberally and promptly, and makes me no trouble whatever—such an intelligent, polished gentleman as he is an honor to the house."

"Well, I don't say any thing to him, do I?"

"No, you haven't even the politeness to say good morning to him at the breakfast table; and as to Mrs. Norton, she certainly is a very modest, lady-like woman. I don't know what you mean by calling her a grass widow. Her husband has been dead some three years and she's barely twenty-two now."

"Twenty-two! Why, that's as old as Methuselah, mother."

"You foolish girl. Will you never be a woman? You are eighteen now. Before you are aware of it you will be twenty-two—four years more very quickly, even to young people. To me, why, the years seem more and more like months as I grow older."

"You! Why, you are as old as—Adam, Ma Buzzard. When I get to be almost sixty—"

"Hush, Miranda!"

"O, that old dusty speculator in the house. Don't forget so."

"But you surely have no reason for disliking Miss Wells?"

"Yes, I have. I mean to be real good friends with her, because she is a new boarder and hadn't prejudiced against me like all the rest, but that Mrs. Norton came purring around her as she has all the rest, and then they must go off and snub her together and that was an end to it. I just hate that Mrs. Norton."

"You hate almost every body, I believe. I fear you are full of envy and spite."

"Who made me so, I'd like to know? Who fostered every thing bad in me? Who pampered my pride and vanity when I was a little slip of a girl, and taught me I was to turn my pretty face to account and marry for money? And then when I would marry poor Will Somers because he was so handsome, and so good natured, what do you and George do but meddle and interfere and put me up to snuffing him, till we quarrel like cats and dogs? Will bore every thing, you know he did, from my high temper, but the Buzzard family together were too much for him at last."

"He was a miserable sort, you know he was, Miranda."

"I don't know. When we were first married it was only once and a while he took a glass, and I didn't care a bit—it made him so funny. Why, often and often I've laughed and laughed till the tears ran down my cheeks, and his drolleries—but George badgered him and set him up to snuffing him, till we quarrel like cats and dogs? Will bore every thing, you know he did, from my high temper, but the Buzzard family together were too much for him at last."

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DEFECTIVE PAGE

The Messenger.

SEWARD & TAYLOR,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
IN ADVANCE.
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM
IN ADVANCE.

VOTED DOWN.

On Wednesday the electors of Minnesota voted on the question of issuing \$50,000 in bonds to aid in the prosecution of the Falls. The proposition was defeated four to one.

STATE TREASURER CENSURED.

The House yesterday adopted a resolution censuring the State Treasurer for concealing his knowledge of the \$112,000 deficit, and also for loaning State moneys to private firms and corporations. Resolutions of impeachment were defeated—yeas 36, nays 65.

OUR LOST COUNTRY.

It is probably known by few but of the American people, that the United States are rapidly declining in the amount of carrying trade done, which before the rebellion was of great magnitude. It seems necessary that Congress should be careful in granting subsidies to any company or corporation; but when they are asked in order that home industries may be protected, the request should at least receive careful attention. It is a positive fact that our ship-building interests are languishing through want of support and lack of encouragement. The recent discussion in Congress in relation to granting subsidies for shipbuilding has brought out the fact that the enormous sum of \$220,000 was paid to seven foreign vessels during last year for carrying the mails of the United States to and from Europe. We are annually paying enormous sums to those very lines that have been our rivals since the time we began to gradually lose up to the time of the war. And even then the amount carried by our own lines was 65 per cent. At the end of the war we had 37 per cent, and now it is reduced to 26 per cent.

With this same ratio of decrease it will be long before the American flag will distinguish our commerce from the ocean. These are facts, which stand out very prominently before us. But there is another fact quite as prominent, and that is, that our commerce is unable to cope with the subsidized commerce of Great Britain. But these facts have been, we find certain members of Congress voting against what seems the only practical way of meeting our great commercial rival on anything like equal terms. England has encouraged ship-building, knowing what a vast power there was in it. This she has done for 500 years, still it was shown in the debate, that in 72 years, up to 1860, we have reached within six per cent, of the tonnage which it had taken England 500 years to create; but very humiliating was the other view, that in ten years we have nearly been driven from the ocean. This was partly due to the rebellion; but had there been a liberal policy adopted by the government, and iron ship-building would have ceased at the close of the war, and we would have begun the race again. During the last ten years England gained two and one-half tons of tonnage for every one we have lost. In 1860 the United States secured 13 per cent of the amount received from the tonnage of the world, while in 1872 we received but 9 per cent. Comment is unnecessary.

In the matter of ship building, we must do as many other governments have done, or acknowledge ourselves driven from the seas, and be obliged to surrender to our rivals that rich carrying trade which makes nations rich and prosperous while enjoying it. We must gain our ocean independence. Let Congress give the aid that is needed, and American ingenuity, industry, vigor and energy will accomplish the rest. We should be in the front rank of nations in regard to this subject as much as in others. Our commerce must not be thrust into the background, but it needs should be liberally and promptly met.

Source: Dux.—The Enn Claire Free Press describes the dam of the Enn Claire Flushing Dam Company. The dam is 1,700 feet long and 80 feet wide at the top. Over 3,000,000 feet of lumber have been used in its construction, besides thousands of cords of stone. The site will be the same as the one at the Falls. The apron is 20 feet in width, and 45 in length with six timber fingers attached, making the total length of apron 60 feet. The passage for logs is 210 feet in width. The expenditure of the corporation are about \$1,000 per day.

Tax debt of Milwaukee is larger than that of the State of Wisconsin, viz., \$220,000.

STILLWATER MESSENGER.

VOL. XVIII--NO. 26.

STILLWATER, MINN., FRIDAY, FEB. 28, 1873.

WHOLE NO. 910

THE MORMON QUESTION.

The Utah Bill now before Congress, and the President's recommendation in his message thereon, have created quite a disturbance among the units, who seem to see the hand of justice at length stretched over them. They begin to be fearful that they may have to make another removal and leave their pleasant quarters. We trust Congress will take hold of this question and handle it without gloves. There has been dilly-dallying enough heretofore upon this subject. The fact is, the American people are too quiet on this point. It seems to have become a fixed fact, that these people have the right of possession here, and that they are to be permitted to exercise their nefarious acts unmolested, although these acts are in direct violation to the laws of the United States, to say nothing of decency or good order.

The Mormons are disposed to compromise this matter by having a Congressional Committee appointed which shall examine into the affairs of the territory, during the recess of Congress, and report at the opening of the next session. This is grand. Just as though this matter could be whitewashed just like other things of a nefarious character. The monstrosity of Mormonism exists, no need to investigate that. The fact is patent that Polygamy exists, in direct violation of the law, and an insult to every man and woman in the nation.

The Mormons have been guilty of cruelties, which are in themselves so weighty enough to sink them bottom deep in the Great Salt Lake. To this might be added their greediness, and the unfair trials which have taken place among them. These things certainly are enough to condemn them and their practices.

But they want an Investigating Committee. Investigate what? Investigate what? It would be more difficult to investigate that than it has been to investigate the Credit Mobilier. It strikes us that there is one point in which an investigating committee can be made useful, and that is to decide what shall be done with their superfluity of wives, when Polygamy shall no longer exist either by law or by the right of toleration. The people voted, the politicians talked, the "boys in blue" fought nobly against slavery but this worst kind of slavery is tolerated simply because no one knows what to do with the evil. We say destroy it, root and branch, so that this bone of contention be disposed of forever.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

A girl's school has been opened in Vienna, for setting type.

The eight wealthiest men in New Orleans are retired luthiers.

A lady in Jackson, Maine, is said to have contracted the small-pox from a mule which she had lent a friend.

The Texas Penitentiary is getting convicts at the rate of nearly one thousand per year.

It is said that the Queen of Sheba's palace has been lately discovered.

Philadelphia fines the drivers of over loaded street cars.

The Indians under Captain Jack in the late fight, used a cannon which they captured from Gen. John C. Fremont, in 1846.

Of the \$110,000 invested in the coal business in the United States, Pennsylvania owns \$67,000,000.

Vocal and instrumental street music is prohibited in Baltimore.

TRICHINA.

A nearly fatal case of trichina, the dreadful disease whose appearance is driven from the seas, and be obliged to surrender to our rivals that rich carrying trade which makes nations rich and prosperous while enjoying it. We must gain our ocean independence. Let Congress give the aid that is needed, and American ingenuity, industry, vigor and energy will accomplish the rest. We should be in the front rank of nations in regard to this subject as much as in others. Our commerce must not be thrust into the background, but it needs should be liberally and promptly met.

The Kruger family is from Holland, and the porkers which caused their sickness were their own raising. The swine are supposed to have become diseased by eating raw or other poisonous vermin. A piece placed under a microscope shows the existence of a number of small parasites, although it was not as badly diseased as some which was examined at the time it first appeared in the city.—Cleveland Herald, Feb. 19.

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